

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 28, 1889.

No. 4.

Homecoming.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

Across the desert broad and bare,
Across the mountain's purple round,
I feel its whisper in the air,
The day that sees me homeward bound.

My pansies, white as maiden brows,
Look up, to welcome me!
Oh, south-wind, in the poplar boughs,
Make music like the summer sea!

Behind me lie the city walls,
All golden with the sunset's pride;
But clearer through the distance calls
The promise of my own fireside.

In other groves the branches wave,
By other paths the flowers bloom;
But none, like those I planted, gave
The subtle balm of love's perfume.

—Ave Maria.

Hawthorne and Poe.

There is in most persons a strange inclination to pry into the private life of men who have in any way attained eminence among their fellows. This tendency which is usually the germ of what we call "hero-worship" arises from an opinion, common amongst many, that oddity of action is the outward expression of genius. Without comment on the truth or falsity of this sentiment, I would here call attention to the history of two men who were both as original as it is possible for men to be in the aims and conduct of their lives. The first is Hawthorne, the priest of mystic beauty; the next is Poe, the soulful poet of the South.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem,

Mass., on July 4, 1804. He was descended from the Hawthornes who came to New England in the seventeenth century, and among his ancestors were some who had made themselves conspicuous in the witchcraft persecutions. His family had given many sailors to the sea. Son succeeded sire at the mast with almost superstitious regularity, and for many generations there had been no breach in the succession; but the dynasty of the Hawthornes never reached Nathaniel, for his father died when the boy was only six years old, and his mother, a woman of great beauty and extreme sensibility, became a grief-stricken mourner for the rest of her life. Young Hawthorne seems not to have enjoyed the best of health, for at the age of ten he was sent to Maine, and placed on a farm belonging to the family. Later on, he entered Bowdoin College, and was graduated in 1825, the poet Longfellow being his classmate.

His college life over, Hawthorne returned to his early home, and here he began the mental discipline which has given us the "Scarlet Letter" and the "Marble Faun." His sombre disposition—the birthright of his mother's son—led him into the depths of solitude; and in the awful stillness of the midnight hour, he loved to stalk through the streets of Salem, or ramble amid the dark hill-tops of the neighborhood. During the day he remained in his study composing weird stories, most of which he burned, while others of them led a wandering and unnoticed life in the corners of newspapers and magazines. In 1832, he published an anonymous romance called "Faunshawe," which he never claimed; and five years later he collected a number of his tales and sketches into a volume which appeared under the title of "Twice Told Tales." These pieces had already circulated among the better class of readers, and on the appearance

of the collection, Longfellow noticed the work with high praise in the *North American Review*. He pronounced it the work of a man of genius, a true poet, and the book found a few more readers a year after the publication of this volume.

Bancroft, then Collector of the port of Boston, appointed Hawthorne to a minor office in the Custom House. It was a long step from the retirement of his study to the society of Captain Cuttle, but he is said to have discharged his new duties faithfully, and to have been a favorite with the sailors.

On the inauguration of President Harrison, Hawthorne retired to make room for a Whig, and went to live on the celebrated Brook Farm in West Roxbury, Mass. He remained here for a few months "belaboring the rugged furrows" when, failing to see the poetry of the affair, he went to Boston. Here he lived for two years; then, having married, he took up his abode in an old manse at Concord near where the "embattled farmers stood." The house was an ancient parsonage, Hawthorne being the first lay occupant to profane the sacred spot; and yet I am not sure that in the long file of evangelists, whose holy presence had sanctified that enchanted region, a single one could be found more unworldly, more truly spiritual, than the timid recluse who sat indulging his fantastic speculations at the fireside. In "Mosses from an Old Manse," he has given us a charming picture of his life here, and has recounted the pleasures of those solitary hours which were as nectar to his spirit.

In 1846, the return of the democrats to power led to his appointment as surveyor of the port of Salem. Hawthorne moved thither with his family, and for three years was the chief official of the decayed old Custom House which he has immortalized in the "Scarlet Letter." This last work—a powerful and romantic history of early New England life—was received with enthusiasm, and at once established for its author a widespread reputation. Shortly before its publication Hawthorne had retired to a neat little cottage in Lenox, Mass., and here, amid the dusky hills of Berkshire, he showed unusual industry.

In 1851, appeared the "House of the Seven Gables," a narrative embodying his sight-seeings in the early history of Salem. The solemn and striking effect of this story is wrought out of the most crude and homely material; and of all Hawthorne's works, this one is the most valuable in determining the true qualities of his genius.

During the next year he published the "Blithes-

dale Romance," an exceedingly delicate and amiable satire founded on his Brook Farm experiences. In his preface he says that "the characters of the romance are entirely fictitious"; nevertheless, many critics denounce the freedom with which he treated his old associations. About the same time another addition was made to the "Twice Told Tales," and during the presidential canvass of 1852 he wrote a life of the democratic candidate, Franklin Pierce.

While at college, Hawthorne had formed an acquaintance with Pierce which soon ripened into the warmest friendship. Pierce was graduated a year before Hawthorne left Bowdoin; but neither time nor distance had power to interrupt their friendly relations; and probably the most popular appointment of the new administration was that of Hawthorne to the United States consulate at Liverpool. This was one of the most lucrative posts within the gift of the President, and Hawthorne held it until 1857, when he resigned and accompanied his family on an extended tour through England, France and other European countries. On his return home, he published several minor volumes and a few sketches which he had hastily snatched from his trip.

Early in 1860 appeared the "Marble Faun," an Italian romance of great power and beauty. The "Marble Faun" is the latest of Hawthorne's great works, though, to judge from the fragments of an unfinished book, he never lost the power and elasticity by which his first successes were won. In 1864, he was travelling through New Hampshire in company with ex-President Pierce, and was found, one morning, dead in his bed.

Hawthorne stands first among the prose-writers of America; in fact, James Russell Lowell has pronounced him "the greatest imaginative writer since Shakspeare." Certain it is that he was a complete master of style, and the most finished word-artist that America has yet produced. His sweet and delicate periods have the incisive force of the best English stylists; and the exceeding simplicity of his manner lends additional charm to his wild and sombre speculations. The "Scarlet Letter," "House of the Seven Gables," and the "Marble Faun," are his three greatest works, and, indeed, it is no easy task to discriminate between them. Any one of them possesses qualities of the highest order, and they are all closely connected by the peculiarities of Hawthorne's genius. Many critics discard the "House of the Seven Gables" as excessively wild and romantic, and still others give the "Scarlet Letter" easy pre-emi-

nence. His short stories are mostly curious studies of the possible phases of human life, and are replete with moral instruction.

One of his friends has thus described him: "He was tall and strongly built, with broad shoulders, deep chest, a massive head, black hair and large, dark eyes. He was the shiest of men. The claims and courtesies of social life were terrible to him."

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

From the consideration of Hawthorne's life we turn with a heavy heart to the works of Edgar Allan Poe. To him who has carefully studied the career of this poet, the simple mention of his name brings a crowd of conflicting thoughts—I had almost said emotions. The thirty-eight short years which made up the course of his mortal life were darkened by the shadow of grief, relieved only by blacker shades of deeper misery with an occasional, but, alas! too transitory burst of sunshine.

We first meet the name of Poe on the list of Washington's compatriots. Its bearer was a man of undoubted integrity, who by devoted service to his country had won not only the confidence of his superiors, but also the respectful consideration of his comrades. The War of Independence exerted great influence in the destruction of those old prejudices of caste which had followed close upon the settlement of the colonies. Our newly-made freemen no longer took pride in being descended from the nobles of former courts, or the favorites of preceding dynasties. With the thunders of Lexington and Trenton still ringing in their ears, the very name of England caused their blood to boil, and the blow they had struck before the portals of Liberty had weakened, too, their confidence in royal institutions. The distinguished services of grandfather Poe had, therefore, their natural effect in making him one of the most honored citizens of Maryland. But, as is too frequently the case, his son appears to have thought that one good man was enough in the family, for he became a reckless and dissolute character before the period of his youth was past.

While thus giving way to every species of debauchery, the boy's passion for the stage paved the way to his acquaintance with a beautiful young English woman; named Elizabeth Arnold. This charming actress soon became his wife, and the pair led a wandering and unsettled life in what was then no very popular profession. Three children were the fruit of this love-match of whom the second was Edgar, the subject of this sketch. He was born on the 19th of January 1809, and

two years later his parents were taken ill, and both died within the same week.

Left destitute and friendless at this early age, Edgar Poe became the adopted son of a wealthy merchant named Allan, who, fascinated by the beauty and precocity of the boy, lavished on him all the extravagance of a doting patron without making use of a single restraining influence. When Poe entered Richmond school, at the age of ten, he had not yet lost the innocence of childhood. He was proficient in classical studies, and had already begun to write verse; but that lack of versatility which is evident in his later works began to show itself here in his aversion to the study of mathematics. He was strong and graceful, romantic and affectionate, with a real and tender loyalty to those he loved.

At the age of seventeen he was sent to the University of Virginia. The course of ancient and modern languages was soon completed, and Poe passed a successful, if not a brilliant, examination. But during his stay at the University Young Edgar had learned more than history and *belles-lettres*. The excessive indulgence of his adopted father, the free and unrestrained course of thought and reading he was allowed to pursue, his association with the high-born and festive youths of a large college—these were forces which, acting on his sensitive and impressible nature, could not fail to beget habits of irregularity and intemperance. Gambling, and, in short, every species of dissipation now laid hold of him and soon began to exercise the tyranny of passion. Then it was that the great failure in Poe's temperament—lack of will-power—first became evident; then, too, it was that those reckless college days proclaimed themselves the dismal prelude to a life of misery and woe. Mr. Allan, on learning the festive habits of his youthful *protégé*, refused to countenance his extravagance. A violent altercation ensued, the upshot of which was that Poe, with the reckless pride and ingratitude characteristic of his nature, left the hospitable roof of his benefactor and threw himself upon the tender mercies of the great, practical world. He went to Boston where he succeeded in finding a publisher for his first volume, which he sent forth under the name of "Tamerlane and Other Poems."

A period of want and poverty followed this event, and Poe was forced into enlistment as a private soldier. He had become heartily sick of his new profession, when he heard of the serious illness of Mrs. Allan, whose kind and maternal conduct had made a deep impression

on his heart. He obtained a furlough and hastened to the spot where the only mother he had ever known lay cold in death. In the hours of gloom which followed this sad reunion of the two chief mourners, all that had cast a shadow over their past life was forgotten. It now seemed that Edgar would hold in the widower's heart the place of the beloved dead. The furlough was transmuted into a discharge, and Poe returned to the home of his youth.

It seems strange that a man of his temperament should choose a military life after having once tasted its bitterness. Perhaps it was that strange mixture of Italian, French, English and Irish blood in his veins which impelled him to this step. At any rate, soon after his reconciliation with Mr. Allan we find him at West Point. His entrance here was attended by brilliant success; but he soon tired of the restraint imposed by military discipline. He then deliberately set himself to effect his own expulsion, and was driven from the academy with every mark of disgrace. This last act of ingratitude so incensed his kind benefactor as to produce an open rupture between them. Mr. Allan's resentment now proved lasting, and it deprived Poe of all hope of heritage. The date of this last breach between the liberal patron and the reckless ingrate was the year 1832. This date also marks the beginning of his career as a literary artist. His first success with "A MS. Found in a Bottle," won for him a prize, and introduced him to persons of power and influence. And now comes the most gloomy period in the life of Edgar Poe—a time when the ugliest of his Mimes and Gnomes seemed to conspire for the ruin of his happiness. He yielded to despair; and the sad tale of his after-life is the history of the most exquisite wretchedness and misery.

He had lately married his lovely cousin Virginia Clemm, and his union with this estimable lady was most happy. She had loved him from childhood, and her sweet and gentle solicitude for him in their subsequent wedded life did more than anything else to preserve him from utter demoralization. But no earthly power could save Poe; he appeared to be swept along by the blast of a cruel fate. And although there were times when he seemed about to amend, still the rut of dissipation is deep and its banks are slippery; and when Poe had once fallen, he seemed incapable of raising himself again to the dignity of a noble manhood. He died October 7, 1849.

Poe's place in literature is determined by a few choice selections from the four small volumes which contain his prose and verse. Of

his poems, the "Raven" is perhaps the best known. It is the story of a despairing lover; and, be it remarked, the same sad tone which pervades this poem is felt in nearly all of his lesser pieces; and although sensitive spirits may draw immeasurable delight from his quaint originality, still, it must be confessed, one feels in the end that a dismal monotony lurks about his spirit, and communicates to the reader a sensation of gloom. In the "Bells" Poe has given us imagery of a very different sort, although both poems are closely united by the individuality of the author. With Poe the union of sound and sense was more than an empty theory; his great aim was to harmonize the burning words of genius, and to make his thoughts, which fairly dripped with Oriental luxuriance, dance to the music of his own soul. "The City in the Sea," "Ululume," "The Conquerer Worm," "Annabel Lee," "The Haunted Palace," and "Israfel," are highly imaginative, and depend less for their effect on the mechanism of words.

But the true Poe is evident only in his tales; and to them we must go if we would appreciate the wild flittings of his spirit through the realms of space. In his short stories, contributed mostly to current weeklies and magazines, he found ample space to express the fantastic extravagance of his nature. Hence we find Poe at his best in "The Murder of the Rue Morgue," "The Purloined Letter," "The Mystery of Maria Rouget," "Gold Bug," "Hans Pfall," and a half dozen others. As a critic he was seldom impartial, though possessed of a wonderful power of analysis. He often dealt too harshly with men of real genius; but he was hard beyond qualification on the horde of quacks and mountebanks whose chief merit was their persistent forwardness, and who, by crowding the various avenues of literature, often kept men of true worth from achieving success.

The question of Poe's morality has evoked much discussion in our day. On the one hand is a band of moralists who look upon him much as we regard Byron or Shelly, and on the other stand a goodly number who shout themselves hoarse in his praise. It is more than probable that both sides are a little exaggerated; and on comparing the best accounts we must conclude that he was neither as good nor yet as bad as one and the other have painted him. Poe, born and reared in a Southern country, could not withstand the witchery of climate. With his first breath he felt the spirit of poetry, effeminacy and sophistry—the three marks which specially characterize his life's work. Lack of determina-

tion was the bane of his existence and the germ of his seeming depravity. Poe's devotion to beauty was so passionate that, like Goethe, he could not endure the sight of an ugly person; and the slightest sin against taste in dress or carriage invested the culprit with a sort of horror in his eyes. It was this love of beauty, and of art for beauty's sake, that made him long to pierce the vision of futurity and to hear in secret the unspoken language of the spirit-world. Says Steadman: "He would have divined the nature of an unknown world from a specimen of its flora, a fragment of its art."

J. W. CAVANAUGH.

The Ages of Faith.

Charlemagne was solemnly crowned emperor on Christmas day 800, in the Basilica of St. Peter, by Pope Leo III, amid the acclamations of the people. He was now the master of all the countries that had formed the Empire of the West. Whilst he protected his northern coasts against the Normans, and chased the Saracens from Sardinia, he, at the same time, sheltered Christendom from the barbarian tribes of the North and the Mussulman fanatics of the South. For this Christendom is greatly indebted to him. And while Mohammed was establishing his religion in the East the Church of God was making great progress in the West. The Romans, being estranged from Constantinople and the falling empire, returned to their own soil where the Pope had become the chief figure. At this time the popes were regarded as the chiefs of Christendom by the princes of the West, and thus alliance was made between the princes and the popes, from which both religion and national independence, as well as general culture and civilization, derived great benefits.

But a time was yet to come when the growing influence of the Papacy was to become especially remarkable. And this took place during the two great centuries of the Middle Ages, called the "Ages of Faith"—the subject of the present essay.

The title of "Ages of Faith" may rightly be given to the period included within the pontificate of Gregory VII (1073) and the convocation of the Fourteenth General Council under Gregory X (1274). This period opened with a conflict that was by no means an easy one for the Catholic Church to engage in. The Chair of Peter was held by a worthy successor of the first Vicar of Christ, who also possessed a name that well suited him, namely, Gregory, which means the

watchful one. Gregory VII was indeed watchful. His pontificate began during the reign of Henry IV who had raised an antipope against Alexander II, the predecessor of Gregory VII. Gregory saw that the Church was full of trouble; but his great experience, untiring zeal and unalterable firmness came to his aid. He was a wise man, and knew how to win the princes and nobles to his side, and among the first the dauntless Robert Guiscard. But the storm was coming over the saintly Gregory slowly but surely. Saxony and Thuringia had revolted against the tyranny of Henry, and the great vassals of the empire contemplated dethroning him. Henry needed the Pope's aid, and now professed the most filial submission and sorrow for his sins. Gregory upheld him as best he could. In 1075 a council was held at Rome in which the Pope struck at the vice of investiture, forbidding any lay prince to confer and any ecclesiastic to receive any investiture whatever. This decree was published throughout Christendom, and none opposed it. Henry was at this time in a most hazardous condition, for he was emperor-elect, and feared for his crown both in Germany and Italy. In July 1075 he triumphed over the Saxons. He at once became bold: his courage rose, and he bade the Pope depose the prelates who had sided with the vanquished. This, of course, Gregory refused; and Henry in his bold spirit defied the pontifical decree and solemnly invested three German prelates.

We will not record the blasphemous deeds that followed this scandal—how the Pope was seized at midnight, while celebrating Mass; how he was execrated and insulted by the cabal that met at Worms under an excommunicated cardinal, and was finally declared deposed.

The time had come for the Pope to act. He responded by fulminating in full council against Henry and his abettors the sentence of excommunication, to be followed by deposition if within a year every one of the excommunicated did not seek absolution from the Supreme Pontiff in person. When this solemn sentence was published, Henry's power at once fell from him. The great vassals withdrew; while Saxony, aided by Bavaria, Suabia and Corinthia took up arms. Gregory in his great charity wished to save Henry, and set out for Germany. He was obliged to stop at Canossa on account of the rigorous winter. Henry then seemed to be willing to re-enter the fold of the Catholic Church, and set out to meet the Pope at Canossa. He took with him his wife, his young son and a small retinue. But it was not enough that

he should only go and see the Sovereign Pontiff in order to receive absolution, there was also a penance to be performed by which he should make atonement for his great scandals and crimes. So, in accordance with the practice of the times, the Pope punished him by requiring him to perform a three days' rigorous penance in the enclosure of the castle before admitting him to an audience. Having performed this duty the ban of excommunication was withdrawn by the Pope. But he who had promised the most filial submission to the Holy Father, soon again began to wage war against his kind and spiritual Father. He sought to close Germany against the Pontiff; but in this he was prevented by the good German nobles.

However, Henry's revenge was not yet complete. He went to Italy and pursued the Pope. Henry now for the second time named an anti-Pope, in the person of Guibert of Ravenna, with the title of Clement III. He then strove to obtain possession of the person of the Pontiff; but Gregory was rescued by the heroic Countess Matilda, who roused the north of Italy to resistance. The walls of Rome were now surrounded by the Roman princes, and Robert Guiscard also came to the assistance of the Sovereign Pontiff. For three years Henry, with his anti-pope, laid siege to the city; but the besieged, aided by the forces of Matilda, withstood all assaults. However, after these three years the people grew weary of the siege, and opened the city to the Germans. Guibert was enthroned at St. Peter's, and placed the imperial crown on Henry's head. Gregory had retired to the castle of San Angelo; but again his friend, Robert Guiscard, came to his rescue. Henry fled before Robert, leaving Rome to the mercy of the Norman. When Robert entered Rome, he took vengeance on the treacherous inhabitants, and reinstated the Pope. God would not allow the Chair of St. Peter to be occupied by an unworthy successor of the first apostle, much less by an antipope. Sentence of excommunication was pronounced against the antipope and all his adherents, and the supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal was proclaimed.

What more could Gregory have desired now than this triumphant end of the struggle on his side. His mission was now completed, and he withdrew with Robert Guiscard to Monte Casino, thence to Salerno. When Gregory saw that his life was drawing to a close, he summoned the cardinals, bishops and clerics about him. Then, mindful of the great struggle which he had, and lest disorder should again creep into the Church, he commanded them in the name

of God to acknowledge as lawful Pope none not elected and consecrated according to the canonical laws of the Church. After exhorting them, he said: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile." These were the last words of this great pontiff, reformer and saint.

What a sad end the persecutor of Christ had will be shown in a few words. The first misfortune that came upon him was his wife's denouncement of him before the Council of Piacenza; then his noblest kinsmen deserted him to join the Crusade, and finally a revolt of his youngest son, Henry, drove him from the kingdom. He died in exile at Liege without becoming reconciled to the Church.

Instead of relating all the little strifes that the Catholic Church had to contend with, let us pass on to the time of the Crusades. The Christians venerated the places which had witnessed the sufferings of our Lord, and they had become the objects of many pilgrimages. St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, discovered the cross on which Christ died. In 638, Christendom received a great shock by the falling of Jerusalem into the hands of the Mussulmans. However, they could not long endure that these holy places should be desecrated and dishonored by all sorts of indignities. A French priest named Peter, was one of the pilgrims to the Holy Land. He became aroused at the outrages he witnessed in Jerusalem, and went to Pope Urban II, described the scenes to him, and obtained permission to preach through Europe the sad condition of the Holy Land.

Barefoot, girt with a rope, and crucifix in hand, the holy hermit travelled through the greater part of Europe, moving all hearts by his eloquence. A solemn council was called by the Pope at Clermont. Thousands of nobles and multitudes of people encamped around the city. On the seventh day the Pope addressed the multitude, and at once went up the cry: "God wills it!" They pledged themselves to go to the rescue of the Holy Land, and as a mark of their vow wore a red cross fastened to the right shoulder. Hence the name Crusader and Crusades.

It is not our intention to describe all the Crusades, what happened to each of them; but a few words upon the most noteworthy events will not be out of place. In the second Crusade the crusaders were defeated by Saladin in the terribly contested battle of Tiberias. Saladin slew Reginald, Prince of Antioch, captured Guy, King of Jerusalem, and with him the relic of the true cross. This was a hard blow for Pope Urban

III, and shortly after he died of grief. Pope Innocent IV preached the seventh crusade. It was led by Louis IX of France, who was the only king that responded; Damietta was taken by him in 1249, and he remained there for five months. This delay produced a lack of discipline, and an epidemic spread among the troops. Louis now marched on Cairo, but the Saracens fought the ground inch by inch. The flower of the Christian knights was destroyed at Mansurah in a disastrous defeat, caused by the rashness of the Count of Artois, brother of the king. Louis was taken prisoner; but being finally released, he sailed for Palestine and renewed his efforts on behalf of the Christians. Being but a short time in Palestine he heard of the death of his pious and great mother, Blanche of Castile. He immediately left the country, contemplating however a new Crusade. He heard that the Bey of Tunis was willing to receive baptism if a Christian army landed in his dominions. This gladdened the heart of Louis, and he again set sail, only to find he had been deceived, for Tunis was closed against him. His camp was now invaded by pestilence, to which Louis himself fell a victim, and ended a holy life by a holy death, A. D. 1270.

Though the crusades resulted in disaster to the Christian arms, yet they had their advantages. They opened commerce between Europe and the East. The European nations were also brought into closer relationship with one another; and it was no small thing to see them all knit together in a great Christian cause. Art and literature felt the new movement, and were benefited by it. The influence of the Papacy continually grew stronger. This caused the gradual triumph of Christian feeling over the brute force and passions of men. The popes also maintained, above all, the liberties of the Church—that is to say, the liberty of the Christian, which is the foundation of all liberty—free election of bishops, free appointment to sees, and the maintenance of ecclesiastical privileges, which were the refuge of multitudes in those times against the power of the monarch or the lawlessness of the nobles. The Papacy thus became the very centre of Christendom.

However, the popes did not restrict their solicitude to the spiritual wants of the people. In all that was good and great they put their hands to work. They were the chief patrons of learning at a period when learning was threatened with destruction. All good institutions were blessed by them, such as religious orders and universities. They watched over the arts with a protecting hand. Great theologians arose

who refuted the heresies. Art revived and took a Christian form. At this time Dante arose with his "Divine Comedy," a monument of his time to all ages. G. M.

Books and Periodicals.

—The *National Magazine* is the name of a new literary venture of Chicago, which begins with the October number. It is published under the auspices of the new "National University," which opens October 1, of which it is the organ. The first number will contain articles on literary, educational and scientific subjects, and a prospectus of the University, which is said to be modelled after the London University, and has extensive non-resident courses, teaching many subjects by mail. Published at 182 Clark Street.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for October contains an exciting exploration article, in which Joseph Thomson describes his remarkable and famous journey through equatorial Africa; a very practical paper on the best way to improve the common roads of the United States; an end paper by "Ik Marvel," the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor"; one of the most attractive electric articles, showing modern applications of electricity to war, on land and sea; the end of Stevenson's great romance, "The Master of Ballantrae"; an unconventional travel article on Iceland; the second instalment of Harold Frederic's romance of Colonial New York; with other interesting fiction and poems. Most of these articles are richly illustrated.

—The article in the October *Popular Science Monthly* that will attract most attention is the one that heads the list, "Pensions for All." The writer, General M. M. Trumbull, is anxious that the "pension temptation" shall not bring dishonor upon the Grand Army, and he gives the treasury raiders a lashing which ought to make them wince. The number is marked by the great variety of its contents. Dr. M. Allen Starr has an illustrated article on "The Old and New Phrenology," showing what has been really ascertained about the location of the faculties in the brain, and how the errors of Gall and Spurzheim have been exploded. There is an entertaining sketch of "Life at the Cameroons," by Robert Müller, M. D. Dr. Robson Roose writes on "The Art of Prolonging Life," giving advice as to the care of body and mind, and telling what length of days may be expected. The article on "Education in Ancient Egypt," by F. C. H. Wendel, will surprise many, who would not suppose so much information on the subject was obtainable. Mr. W. H. Larrabee contributes a second illustrated article on the antiquities of Sweden, this one dealing with the "Bronze Age." In "Anthropology at Washington," Prof. J. Howard Gore describes the organization and methods of the Government scientific bureaus engaged in investigating the custom and history of the Indians and mound-builder

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Notre Dame, September 28, 1889

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-THIRD year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

College Endowments.

Just at this time the public prints are full of announcements of gifts to various colleges. Yale and Columbia have been enriched this very month by generous friends or alumni. Donations for various purposes have been so showered on Harvard that she protests against them, or, rather, against the manner in which they are given. She does not want her friends to give her more buildings, but more money for the increase of her teaching staff.

Now, Notre Dame has never had occasion to make a protest of this nature. It is in the hope that she may that we write this article. This University has the proud consciousness of having risen to her present position without any of those magnificent donations which have enabled Princeton and Harvard and other schools of

equal standing to hold their own. Notre Dame has been enabled to do this through the self-sacrifice of the workers who have made her existence possible, and through the faith and foresight of Father Sorin.

In the East endowments of schools and the foundation of scholarships in schools are frequent. A rich man who has not done something for art, literature, or education, is a rarity. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt almost founded a new medical college of the highest class in New York; Mr. Eugene Kelly gave a generous gift to the Catholic University; Mr. Johns Hopkins made the Baltimore University, bearing his name, possible. All the Eastern colleges, not excepting Fordham—which, like most Catholic colleges, has, however, profited by gifts much less than it deserves—have been marked out for favors from men who have desired to crown busy lives by some more durable monument than a fine mansion or some merely personal and selfish thing. In our West, great as it is, the need for encouraging educational institutions does not seem to be understood; and this, we must reluctantly admit, sometimes gives reason for the sneers of European and Eastern people at "Western materialism." It needs, however, very little to excite the generosity of a section of the country which has now become so opulent that it can afford to be generous.

When the World's Fair follows the Star of Empire and is held in Chicago, shall it be said that the University has not yet received an endowment of a scholarship from one of those enterprising gentlemen who are always ready to include her name among the glories of the suburbs of Chicago?

E.

Stray Leaves from a Vacation Diary.

BY M. O'DEA.

II.—PARIS.

SEPTEMBER 3 (Continued). We soon finished our inspection of the Arc de Triomphe. How quickly many of the great sights cease to interest! Seen once, they become common or subjective; still some people claim that to appreciate them it is necessary to live years near them and to gaze at them for hours. My permanent impression of the Arc is the one I took in while rapidly crossing the Champs Elysées in a cab my first morning in Paris. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"; but "first impressions are lasting," and very often they cannot be improved. Between the Avenue de la Grande Armée and the Avenue

McMahon we saw the palace of Mrs. Mackey. I am told that when here, she visits and gives thousands of francs monthly to the poor and helpless. Behind us down the Champs Elysées is the palace of J. Gordon Bennett: different stories are told about "Jim." Like Peck's Bad Boy I have to say that the *ouï-dire* about him is "unfit for yure yung ears, Mr. Diery." Nearly all the large private residences are called palaces. I heard a man in a crowd following one of Cook's guides say: "If these are palaces, the woods are full of palaces around Chicago." It is very difficult to carry out my intention to avoid meeting and hearing Americans and "Americanisms" while here. Many wealthy English people live in this quarter near the Arc. Last night Mr. Krutz and I found a small but sturdy English boy who had been playing hookey and lost his way. It was getting dark, and he was losing courage. In polite but doubtful and tremulous French the young tourist tried to ask us for a certain number which, with the help of a map, we found near by.

From the Place de l'Etoile we went down the Avenue de Wagram and on our right, up the Rue d'Ara, we saw the magnificent Russian Greek Church. I stopped to admire it yesterday, but a special private religious sensibility prevented me from entering. In the Place at the intersection of the Avenue des Ternes and the Boulevard de Courcelles we tried the water in the public fountain and concluded that it came from the great artesian well of Grenelle. Children with water bottles reminded us of Waukesha and friends at home. The Avenue des Ternes leads directly to the city wall and the gate to Ste.-Croix, Neuilly. Near the gate is a high stockade fence, like the N. Y. new base-ball grounds, and inside the stockade is "*Monsieur, le Colonel Cody's Sauvage de l'Ouest Cirque*." Outside that gate I bought some fresh apricots a few days ago, and as I entered the gate peacefully eating them, the *Octroi* demanded a ridiculous customs fee. I stepped back a few feet and grinned at the guard while I finished them *oultre* Paris. The law is still in force that no food can be brought into the city without paying duty.

A short distance down the Boulevard de Courcelles we came to the arched entrance of the Parc Monceaux. Though its extent is only a few acres, this Parc Monceaux is said to be the prettiest and most artistic park in the world. It is enclosed on all sides by large houses and busy streets; but every tree and bush is trained to obstruct the sight. In the country I have seen how carefully the farmers utilize every

foot of ground; here is an example of what taste and art can do with a small space. Under the trees, along the winding paths and flower beds, amid fountains and pools, artificial ruins, classical columns and arches, several thousand people can find retired seats and without difficulty imagine themselves in a forest "far from the maddening crowd."

Leaving the children, *bonnes*, soldiers, lovers and tourists in the park, we went out on the Rue de Lisbon. It was growing dusk, but we had time to look, while there was light, at the dome, façade and window of the Church of St. Augustin. Then we walked up the broad Boulevard Malesherbes to the grand Church of the Madeleine. I was an uninvited and an uninterested witness to an aristocratic marriage here yesterday. In front of the Madeleine we stood a few minutes and looked down the celebrated Boulevard des Capucines toward the Grand Opera. A few hours spent on this boulevard, walking, or sitting in front of a café, is enough to imbue one with the spirit and life of Paris. How captivating it is! Who that has ever been here wonders why all the world flocks to *la belle France* and to *plus grand, cosmopolite Paris*?

We crossed and went down the brilliant Rue Royale, and my friend bade me "good night" as he turned toward his hotel on the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore. I went out to the centre of the great Place de la Concorde and stood by the Obelisk of Luxor, the "sister of Cleopatra's needle." Behind me the Jardin des Tuileries and the Louvre were dark by contrast but in all other directions there was a blaze of light. Paris is *en fête* to-night in honor of the Shah. All of the public buildings and palaces have permanent gas fixtures along their cornices and prominent outlines that supply gas to hundreds of jets a few inches apart. The Palace of Industry, the Trocadero, and the Champs Elysées all the way to the Arc de Triomphe were brilliantly lighted. Across the Seine the effect was especially fine at the Palace of the Minister of Foreign Affairs who is giving a reception to the Shah. On the Chamber of Deputies the jets were formed into large letters: "RF" at each end of the building and in the centre there was an immense blazing sun.

All around me were passing thousands of people and vehicles. The spot where I stood has a bloody history, but the Egyptian hieroglyphics on the Obelisk do not tell it. Here stood once the statue of Louis XIV; here, in 1770, in the panic caused by an accidental explosion of fireworks, more than a thousand people were tramped and crushed to death; here Louis

XVI, Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, and over two thousand others, were beheaded; here stood the dreadful guillotine during the Reign of Terror. Many other events make this *Place* probably the most historical spot in the world.

I climbed on top of one of the passing street cars, paid the conductor his 30 *centimes*, and, though it was but a short distance to the hotel, I demanded *une correspondance* (transfer ticket) that would have taken me nearly to St. Cloud. So many attempts at petty swindling are made one soon acquires the habit of demanding everything due. In the hotel office I got a copy of the puny edition of the N. Y. *Herald* published here. All Americans unite in saying that it is a discredit. *Le Petit Journal* is more like a home daily. Among its cable items I see: "*Le boxeur Sullivan a été arrêté ici hier. Il a passé la nuit en prison.*" *Le Journal* says also that *Nasir-el-Din*, the Shah, spends two hours every night posting up his private diary. I suppose like myself he is at it now. It is hard work after a day's sight-seeing, and I am glad to finish, like Mr. Pepys: "and so to bed."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Denominational Schools.

In his address at the Nashville meeting, Bishop Keane's opponent was Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, whose best arguments are utterly vitiated by the fact that he is in theory, if not in practice, an Agnostic. The points made by Bishop Keane touch the Christian heart, and are very emphatic in regard to parents and the tone of the Catholic school:

"In the hard and unequal struggle of human existence, every budding life stands sorely in need of wise unfolding of judicious direction. In the life of nearly every child there are wrapped up endless capabilities of both good and evil, for himself and for others. In which of these two directions the life is to be developed, which of these two sets of capabilities is to rule it, which of these two sets of results it is to produce—here is the great problem facing each human being at the threshold of existence; and its solution for each child must, above all, depend on its parents, or on those who hold towards it the place of parents. Human society is, indeed, provided with many wise helps and encouragements for the good capabilities and tendencies, with many restraints for the evil; but upon parents it must especially depend to what influences the child shall be subjected, and how he shall be fitted to receive their action. The office of parents lies at the very root of character, at the very basis of civilization. This

is the dictate and plan of nature itself, the universal law which, in the harmonious arrangements of Divine Providence, reaches from end to end of the visible creation, through all the economy of life.

"The true notion of a Christian community consists in these two elements: first, individual lives aiming at their best development and best welfare here below, and at their eternal destiny hereafter; and then every form of social organization, from the family up to the Church and the State, helping them toward the realization of one or other or both of these aims. . . .

"The father well knows that the life-molding of his child is no easy task; that all the time of childhood and youth will not be too long for its thorough and lasting accomplishment; that a judicious employment of all the influences which surround the young life and tell on the young mind and heart will be none too much to secure it. It must be the aim of home, of companionships, of books, of church, of school. In all these agencies there is one influence which he considers indispensable, which he wishes to be the habitual element of his child's life, since on it, above all things else, must the molding of his child's character, the securing of his temporal and eternal welfare depend—and that is the influence of Christianity, the guiding and helpful action of the Christian religion. . . .

"What, above all, make a Christian school are the moral atmosphere, the general tone, the surrounding objects, the character of the teachers, the constant endeavor, the loving tact, the gentle skill, by which the light and the spirit of Christianity, its lessons for the head, for the heart, for the whole character, are made to pervade and animate the whole school life of the child, just as the good parent desires that they should animate his whole future life, in all his manifold duties and relations as man and as citizen. This is the kind of a school which a parent, anxious, as in duty bound, to give his child as thorough Christian training as possible, will naturally choose. . . .

"Plausible generalities about largeness and broadness are lurking holes of fallacy, and I want none of them. Truth cannot be too clear and explicit for me. There was nothing vague and indefinite about Christ, and there is nothing vague and indefinite about Christianity. And as to freedom of thought, surely true freedom of thought, like the freedom of the American people, is not license, but supposes law and order. There can no more be a liberty—that is, a right to think as you please, than a right to do as you please. No one can claim the right to do wrong, and no one can claim the right to think wrong. This is by no means an appeal to coercion, but to avow the need of a guide in thought as well as in action; and I rejoice to find that guide, in 'the fulness of truth' given by Him who truly calls Himself the Light of the World.

"The whole of Christianity is needed as the

basis, the mould, the restraint, the incentive of a Christian life. There is nothing in it superfluous, nothing that is not eminently practical in its bearings; and no minimized compromise Christianity can ever suffice in its stead. Such moral teaching as you might get from Cicero and Seneca can never suffice for the moral teaching of Christ, and for the motives, means and sanctions of morality which she bestows. All this vague, indefinitely non-committal moralizing and religiousness is simply religious moonshine, which might be useful if it were in the darkness of religious night, but which it is absurd to wish to substitute for the Light of the World. No: I want this radiance clear and full in the school room where my child spends his days. . . .

"The schools of America ought to be the most truly Christian schools in the world. Our civilization is essentially a Christian civilization. Our country, indeed, should tyrannize over no one's conscience, but she herself ought to be consistently, fearlessly, always Christian. Should she ever ignore this fact, should she ever, yielding to clamor from any quarter, turn her back on the Prince of Peace and declare herself indifferent or neutral as to Christ and Christianity, then will she have cut from beneath her feet the ground-work of her prosperity and her glory, and surrender the guarantee of her liberties, which may God forbend! But Christian civilization has for its natural foundation Christian homes and Christian schools. Again, therefore, a good Christian American parent, if he is true to his principles, will be sure to choose for his child a good Christian American school. . . .

"Every Christian school should teach justice and charity towards every fellow-citizen, and you may be sure that I will choose no school for my child where that spirit is not imparted. And as I, in all the walks of life, meet all decent members of the community with amity and public-spiritedness, so will my child, trained to the character of a true Christian, go forth into the walks of practical life looking kindly on every decent associate and eager to co-operate with all for the public good. Beyond that the homogeneousness of our people never can go in the nature of things. We are not aiming at the communism of Sparta: Home will be distinct from home, and circle from circle in society, say what you will. It is nature, and you cannot eradicate it. But social distinctions are no reason for popular dissensions; and least of all should religious distinctions be such."—*Catholic Review*.

Personal.

—E. Weimer, of '87, is operator for the Illinois Central RR. at Lemont.

—B. Stevens, of '88, is manager of the C.H.&D. telegraph office at Lima, Ohio.

—M. Colina, of '88, of Toluca, Mexico, is at home sending and receiving Spanish messages in Morse dots and dashes.

—E. Larkin, of Elkader, Iowa, a former student of Notre Dame, is now taking a course in medicine at Rush Medical College, Chicago.

—Among the welcome visitors to the College during the week was Mr. P. J. Lorney, of Dallas, Texas, who called to see his son in the Minim department.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby, Rev. President Walsh and Rev. Stanislaus Fitte, C. S. C., attended the funeral services of the Rev. J. P. Roles, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, who died on the 25th inst. Father Roles was one of the oldest and most distinguished of the priests in Chicago and was highly esteemed by all classes. The news of his death was received with deep regret by his many friends at Notre Dame. May he rest in peace!

—The following item taken from the *Kansas City Times* will be of interest to the many friends of Mr. Arthur Leonard:

"Arthur E. Leonard received the appointment yesterday as cadet to Annapolis, and left last night for that city to stand his final examination. The successful candidate is 19 years of age, and resided with his mother, the widow of a Union soldier, at Ninth and Washington streets. He graduated at Lathrop school in 1884, and spent two years at Notre Dame University."

While at Notre Dame, Arthur made many friends, all of whom now unite in extending him their most hearty congratulations.

Local Items.

—Tickets.

—Turn out the gas.

—"Shell out" your dollar.

—Where's the weather prophet?

—G. Long is still the "boss" pitcher.

—It's naughty to throw books, Montana.

—Abstain from the pipe and buy a ticket.

—"Say, Charlie, why don't you sing in the chair?"

—The University nine has not lost a game this season!

—Two bats broken in one inning! Stronger material, please.

—The new study hall for the Juniors has proved a success in every way.

—The base-ball and football season tickets are very artistic—buy one and see.

—Have you bought your season ticket yet? If not, come early and avoid the rush.

—The Junior prizes for the St. Edward's Day athletics will be quite unique in design.

—The St. Cecilians in a body visited the grave of Prof. Lyons Thursday morning.

—A small overcoat has been left in the trunk-room. The owner will please call for it.

—Sorin Hall grand stand was somewhat quiet at the great game. What is the matter, boys?

—Only two more weeks to get your muscle

up boys, for field day, get ready to break some old record.

—"Sport" wants it distinctly understood that it was through his powers of eloquence that we secured the extra "rec" Tuesday.

—The 2d nine Juniors played a good game Tuesday afternoon, which resulted: "Blues," 13; "Reds," 5. Eight innings were played.

—Arrangements are being made to make the entertainment on St. Edward's Day a grand success. The persons engaged have our best wishes.

—Bronson's hit in the "West End" game was a sample of that gentleman's batting abilities. Ross is a worthy representative of the champions of last season.

—Companies "B" and "C," H. L. G., promise this year to eclipse the records of all previous companies in point of numbers. Great enthusiasm is exhibited over drills, etc.

—The "Invincibles," or "Invisibles," according to "Zeke," have been reorganized for the season. All challenges for games should be sent to "Zeke," the newly elected manager.

—Prof.: "Now this arrangement is called a clod; but now if I were to fix it so it would jump and dance around, what would it be called?" Progressive student: "A clodhopper."—*Ex.*

—Messrs. Conway and Shaack should be put on the umpire staff for the first and second nines. They have given sufficient proof of their ability in that line, and should be rewarded with permanent positions.

—The weather has been so unfavorable lately that little could be done on the ball field. It would be advisable to begin the series for the fall championship as soon as possible, or the games may not come off.

—The man who gets up at four in the morning and awakens the whole institution by his fruitless attempts to walk without making a noise, would confer a favor on the inmates by discontinuing his theatricals.

—The Juniors, up to the present, number 191, and are therefore beginning to look forward, and with some degree of certainty, to that long-promised "Parisian Banquet" which is to take place when 200 are enrolled.

—For the first time a nine has been "shut out" on the University's diamond. The fielding of the home nine in the game on the 22d has never been equalled heretofore. Are the boys going to establish records for posterity?

—The Junior department has no representative in Sorin Hall this session, but this should not be construed to mean that there are none in that "abode of the wise" who shouldn't be members of the University "banner department."

—The first essays in the Criticism class are to be handed in on Dec. 1st. The subjects are: "Parties and Politics" and "The Philosophy of Hamlet." Begin them at once, boys; do not wait until the last day. "Procrastination is the thief of Time."

—The football season will begin rather early this year, and most of the college teams have begun training. There is plenty of good material around here, and Notre Dame should be able to work its way to the front among the Western elevens.

—The South American delegates to the Three Americas' Congress which will meet at Washington early next month, will visit Notre Dame on Oct. 19. They will be the guests of Mr. Clement Studebaker, who is a delegate to the Congress, during their stay in South Bend.

—The first regular meeting of the Minims' Baseball Association was held in the Minims' reading-room on Monday the 23d inst. The following officers were elected: President, Rev. M. J. Regan; Director, Bro. Cajetan; Secretary, F. Roberts; Treasurer, L. Stone; Captains of 1st nines, F. Roberts and A. Clarke. J. Evers and H. Durand were chosen Captains of 2d nines.

—At the meeting of the Junior Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, held on Thursday morning, the following officers were elected: Spiritual Director, Very Rev. A. Granger; Director, Rev. D. J. Spillard; President, James T. Brady; 1st Vice-President, James Fitzgerald; 2d Vice-President, Michael Quinlan; Secretary, John Wright; Treasurer, Geo. Weitzel; Censor, Otto Ibold.

—A solemn anniversary Requiem Mass, for the repose of the soul of the beloved Prof. J. A. Lyons, was sung in the Church of the Sacred Heart last Thursday—Rev. President Walsh, celebrant, assisted by Rev. Fathers Morrissey and O'Connor as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Father Spillard preached an eloquent sermon, paying a beautiful but just tribute to the memory of the lamented Professor. The students attended in a body.

—Professor Maurice Francis Egan, of the University of Notre Dame, will read a paper on "The Catholic Editor" at the Catholic Congress soon to meet in Baltimore. His treatment of the subject is sure to command attention. For many years before his connection with Notre Dame, he had editorial charge of several Catholic journals in succession, and has a fund of experience that will make his discourse of the topic a notable feature of the gathering.—*Catholic News.*

—One of the most exciting games of the season was played on the Junior campus Tuesday afternoon, between the two 1st nines, the "Reds" and the "Blues." Eight innings were played when rain put an end to further play, the score then standing 6 to 6. The features of the game were the batting of T. Brady of the "Reds," and a phenomenal running catch by left fielder Gnewuch of the "Reds," which saved the game for his side. Cunningham and Crotty for the "Blues," and Hannin and Connors for the "Reds," were the batteries. J. McGrath umpired the game very satisfactorily.

—The first regular meeting of the Guardian

Angels' Society was held Wednesday evening, on the 25th inst., Rev. D. J. Spillard in the chair. The following officers were elected: Very Rev. Father General Sorin, C. S. C., Very Rev. A. Granger, Honorary Directors; Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., Director; Rev. J. Kirsch, C. S. C., President; Bro. Cajetan, C. S. C., Promoter; C. Connor, 1st Vice-President; W. Marr, 2d Vice-President; W. Connor, Treasurer; J. O'Neill, Secretary; A. Clark, Recording Secretary; C. McPhee, Librarian; T. Finnerty, 1st Censor; W. Girardin, 2d Censor; D. Gilkison, Sergeant-at-Arms.

—The crews have been selected for the regatta on St. Edward's Day, and are as follows: *Evangeline*—B. Hughes, Bow and Captain; Smith, No. 2; Daley, No. 3; Mithen, No. 4; A. Larkin, No. 5; Sinnott, Stroke; McCarthy, Coxswain. *Minnehaha*—F. Chute, Bow; E. Howard, No. 2 and Captain; Pim, No. 3; Toner, No. 4; Fack, No. 5; Youngerman, Stroke; Adams, Coxswain. *Montmorency*—W. Meagher, Bow; McKeon, No. 2; L. Chute, No. 3 and Captain; T. Coady, Stroke; Fisher, Coxswain. *Yosemite*—Campbell, Bow and Captain; Bronson, No. 2; Flynn, No. 3; Jackson, Stroke; Dickerson, Coxswain. Interesting and exciting races are expected.

—MOOT-COURT.—The first session of the University Moot-Court was held Saturday evening, September 21. There were two cases on trial, both involving questions of Constitutional Law. The first called was the State of Indiana *vs.* Pullman Sleeping-Car Co. E. J. Blessington appeared for the plaintiff and J. Burns for the defendant. Judgment was rendered for the defendant. Powers *vs.* Weeks was the second on the docket, F. Lane acted as attorney for plaintiff and T. McKeon for defendant. Judgment was rendered for the defendant. The interest the young men took in their respective cases shows that they intend to make the Law department rank higher than ever this year.

—The first regular meeting of the Senior branch of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was held Thursday, the 26th inst. The work of reorganization was begun by the election of officers for the ensuing year. The result of the election was as follows: Spiritual Director, Very Rev. A. Granger; Honorary Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh; Director, Rev. D. J. Spillard; Promoters, Rev. M. J. Regan and Bro. Emmanuel; Organists, Rev. A. M. Kirsch and Bro. Basil; Honorary Directors, Prof. W. Hoynes and Prof. M. F. Egan; President, John B. Sullivan; 1st Vice-President, L. P. Chute; 2d Vice-President, L. J. Herman; Secretary, A. W. Larkin; Treasurer, E. P. Prudhomme; 1st Censor, J. S. Hummer; 2d Censor, A. Adelsperger; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jno. Cooke.

—The third regular meeting of the Law debating Society was held on Wednesday evening, September 25th. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. Mr. Dickerson, chairman of the committee on By-Laws sub-

mitted for approval a new constitution for the society, which was unanimously adopted, and a vote of thanks tendered the committee for the efficient manner in which they had discharged their duty. The question for debate—"Resolved, that the best interests of England would be subserved by the establishment of a federal form of government"—was discussed at length by Messrs. Burns and O'Neill on the affirmative, and Messrs. Cassin and Blackman on the negative. The chair decided in favor of the negative.

—The first regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association was held Saturday evening, Sept. 21. After a short address from the chairman, Mr. H. Brelsford, the readoption of the constitution and election of officers for the coming session took place. The officers are as follows: Rev. T. E. Walsh, Director and Critic; J. Sullivan, President; W. Larkin, Vice-President; D. Barrett, Recording Secretary; C. Cavanagh, Corresponding Secretary; B. Hughes, Treasurer; J. E. Berry, Censor. The following standing committees were appointed by the President: Credentials—Messrs. Brelsford, Fitzgibbons and G. Cooke; Programmes—Messrs. Cavanagh, Burger and Sinnott. This society has a bright future, and it seems to be the firm resolve of the members to do all in their power to uphold its good name.

—The 3d regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening, the 25th inst., with the President, Rev. Father Morrissey, in the chair. The new members made their speeches, accepting the constitution of the society, and all were very creditable. An essay on "College Organizations," by Mr. J. Wright, a declamation by Mr. M. Quinlan, readings by Messrs. L. Reidinger and J. Fitzgerald, an essay on "My Return to School," by Mr. R. Boyd, and a well-composed criticism of the last meeting, by Mr. G. Weitzel, completed the programme of the evening. Messrs. John Flannigan and W. Cosgrove were admitted to membership.—"Resolved, that Chicago should have the 'World's Fair,'" is the subject of the debate which is to take place at the next meeting. The society is in a very flourishing condition.

—Under the title, "Charming Essays"—the *Catholic Union and Times* (Buffalo) has the following appreciative notice of Prof. Egan's recent work on English Literature, published by W. H. Sadlier, New York:

"'Lectures on English Literature' is the title of a delightful book just published by Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D. Lest any of our unsophisticated readers should be frightened by the word 'lecture,' we will hasten to say that Mr. Egan's Lectures, while combining in a golden sheaf some of the valuable deductions of his wide literary experience, have, nevertheless, the grace, the interest, the vivacity of a novel. The peculiar merit of this work is the keenness with which the author discriminates between the true and the false letters; and for this reason we should commend the book to every young person whose ambition it is to write good, forcible and elegant English. The introductory chapter deals with literature as a factor of life. This is followed by some charming ob-

servations in Mr. Egan's best vein on the literary influence of Chaucer, Southwell, Crashaw, Habbington, Tennyson and Aubrey De Vere,—all of whom find in Notre Dame's Professor an admirable exponent. Mrs. Browning, Miss Proctor, Mrs. Meynell and Lady Fullerton, are instanced among the women writers as possessors of special literary excellences.

"Perhaps the two most valuable lectures in the book, however, are those on 'Æsthetics,' and 'Literature and Manners;'" for here we have Mr. Egan in *propria persona*, so to speak. His pen is really luminous. The pages sparkle with anecdotes clothed in elegant and alluring diction. The tone is candid and kindly; the erudition wide, but not repellent; the relation between author and reader delightfully confidential, and the literary gossip delicious. Mr. Egan could not write a book that would not be a valuable acquisition; but in this collection of essays he has especially shown that pre-eminent ability to please which makes him envied as an author and charming as a man."

—THE WEST ENDS vs. UNIVERSITY SPECIALS.

—They came early in the afternoon. They were exuberantly happy. They returned about half past five, and not often has an evening sun shot its slanting beams upon a sorrier crowd. They were not happy. They were sad—very sad. The nine tired-looking athletes that were seen upon the South Bend road heading toward the city were members of the "West End" ball club of South Bend. They played a special team from the University last Sunday afternoon, and they were defeated by a score of 13 to 0, hence their lugubrious countenances. The work of the University team was clean cut and even throughout, and was such as to dissipate the fears of some who had thought that the players would return in poor form from a vacation's rest. Notre Dame had but one error, and that was a very excusable one, while the visitors had 7 to their credit. Long, the University pitcher, was fully up to his usual form, which was somewhat remarkable from the fact that he had played but one game during the summer. Long's support was excellent in every particular. Cassidy, for the visitors, did some good work on 3d and in the box, while Deehan covered first base very acceptably.

WEST ENDS.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McHenry, p. and l. f.....	4	0	1	0	0	7	0
J. Deehan, 1st b.....	4	0	1	0	8	0	0
Bernhard, 2d b.....	4	0	0	0	4	2	0
P. Casey, s. s.....	4	0	0	0	2	2	2
Weaver, r. f.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cassidy, 3d and p.....	3	0	2	0	1	1	1
Lyons, c.....	3	0	0	0	7	7	4
Colmes.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
W. Deehan, 3d and l. f.....	2	0	0	0	0	1	0
Total.....	29	0	4	0	23*	20	7

* Hayes out hit by batted ball.

BLUES.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fitzgibbon, c. f.....	4	2	2	2	1	0	0
Hayes, r. f.....	5	1	1	0	0	0	0
Kelly, 3d b.....	5	4	2	3	2	4	0
Cooke, 2d b.....	3	1	0	0	6	4	0
Bronson, 1st b.....	3	2	1	1	10	0	0
Campbell, s. s.....	4	0	1	0	0	4	1
Long, p.....	4	0	1	0	0	9	0
Fleming, c.....	1	3	1	5	8	2	0
Smith, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.....	33	13	9	11	27	23	1

Two base hits: Bronson, Campbell, Fleming, McHenry,

Cassidy, and J. Deehan. Bases on called balls: Off Long, 2; McHenry, 4. Hit by ball: Bronson, Fleming, Fitzgibbon and Weaver. Struck out: by Long, 6; McHenry, 6. Passed balls: Fleming, 1; Lyons, 3. Time of Game, 1.40. Umpire: S. Dickerson. Scorer: E. Hughes.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
WEST ENDS:—	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
UNIVERSITY:—	1	0	0	2	2	1	4	3	*=13

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, H. Brannick, Barrett, Burger, Brelsford, Blackman, Blodgett, Brookfield, Blessington, Blake, R. Bronson, H. Bronson, Burns, E. Brannick, H. Beckham, G. Beckham, Brennan, Cabanna, Combe, Cassin, Carroll, Cassidy, S. Campbell, G. Cooke, W. Campbell, L. Chute, F. Chute, Cooney, Clayton, Compton, Dela Pena, Dillon, Dorsey, Delaney, Dacy, Dennis, Daly, Draper, Davis, Fitzgibbon, C. Flynn, P. Fleming, F. Flynn, Ford Fehr, Fisher, S. Fleming, Fack, Guillen, Garfias, Giblin, Houlihan, Herman, Hanrahan, Healy, Heard, Hackett, E. Hughes, Hummer, Hempler, Hayes, Hoover, Hobletzell, Johnson, Jewett, Karasynski, King, Kearns, Krembs, J. Kelly, F. Kelly,* Lappin, Lesner, Langan, Lair, Lancaster, W. Larkin, Lane, Lynch, Lahey, Mock, McGinn, Murphy, H. McCarthy, McKeon, McAuliff, G. McDonnell, McConlogue, Mackey, Morrison, O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Shea, Olds, Parker, Powers, Philips, Paradis, Pyplacz, Pim, Portilla, H. Prichard, Paquette, Quigley, W. Roberts, Rebillot, Rose, Ramsey, Rothert, Reynolds, Sullivan, Schwarz, A. Sinnot, T. Smith, J. Smith, Schaack, Tedeus, Toner, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Wade, White, Youngerman, McPhee, Cavanagh, J. McGrath.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Aarons, Brubaker, E. Bates, B. Bates, J. Brady, T. T. Brady, T. M. Brady, W. Brady, Burns, Benz, Bruel, Blumenthal, Bradley, Burke, Baltes, Crandall, Cosgrove, Covert, Case, Cudahy, Coll, E. Connors, E. De Brul, Delany, Elkin, Elder, J. M. Flannigan, J. H. Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, R. Funke, Gerlach, Garrison, B. Bachrach, Gnewuch, Gough, Hull, O. Hasenfuss, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hahn, R. Healy, P. Healy, Halthusen, Hagus, Heller, Hibbard, Ibold, Jewett, Johnson, Jacobs, Keough, Kellner, King, V. Kehoe, A. Leonard, J. Leonard, R. Lenard, Lee, Murphy, Mackey, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, Merz, Messick, Mitchell, Merkel, McConnell, J. McCartney, E. McCartney, Jas. McPhillips, Jos. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, F. McKee, E. McKee, McIvers,* McDonald, F. Neef, A. Neef, O'Mara, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Otis, Pendelton, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Rarig, Robinson, Root, Reichold, Roper, Regan, Roth, Rowsey, Spurgeon, F. Schillo, Seymour, Scott, Seerey, Soku, Snyder, Scherrer, Spalding, Sutter, Siebert, Talbot, Tetard, Thorn, Tivnen, Walsh, Welch, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, T. Whalen, Young, Crane, Dench.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayers, Ball, F. Brown, O. Brown, Blake, T. Burns, J. Burns, Barbour, Browning, Bauer, Cornell, Crandall, C. Connor, W. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Coquillard, Croke, Clarke, Durand, Dench, Elkin, Evers, Eckler, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Fischer, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furthman, C. Furthman, W. Furthman, Funke, Girardin, Greene, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, Henneberry, Hoffman, Krollman, Keeler, King, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, H. Lamberton, C. Lamberton, Levi, Montague, Maternes, Marr, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Morrison, Mayer, Marre, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, O'Neill, L. Paul, C. Paul, Pelleng, C. Packard, J. Packard, Pierce, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, G. Scherrer, Sloan, Seidensticker, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Wilcox, Washburne, F. Wever, Walsh, Weber, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut, Ziegler.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Out-door sketching classes and botanizing parties are in order these beautiful September days.

—Roller skates, tricycles and croquet sets are among the incentives to out-door exercise in the Junior and Minim departments.

—The classes in theoretical music were formed on Saturday last, and the interest thus far manifested promises much for the improvement of each pupil.

—The first month of school is not over, and yet much has already been accomplished. The earnest endeavors to be noted on all sides are worthy of commendation, and cannot fail to be productive of much fruit.

—Miss A. Walsh (Class '79), Chicago, spent a few days of last week at the Academy; the Misses E. Wright, M. Hutchinson and L. Spier, esteemed pupils of St. Mary's for several years, were also welcome visitors.

—The Misses M. Skancke, R. Bero, D. Davis and E. Lewis were elected officers for the year in St. Angela's Literary Society. St. Agnes' Society boasts the following officers: the Misses Farwell, Burdick, M. Smyth and M. Patier.

—The Sodality of the Holy Angels, made up of the Juniors who are Catholics, elected officers for the year at their last meeting. The result was as follows: President, Miss M. Patier; Vice-President, E. Burns; Secretary, M. Smyth; Treasurer, N. Wurzburg.

—The Second and Third Senior classes form St. Catharine's Literary Society, whose meetings are always most interesting. The President for the scholastic year is Miss H. Nacey; Vice-President, N. Davis; Secretary, N. Linneen; Treasurer, M. Piper; Librarian, I. Stapleton.

—The Juniors received their good "points" on Monday evening in their own study hall, presided by the Prefect of Studies. Alma Thirds, in a clear voice, read an interesting article on "Homesickness," and Linnie Farwell recited, in a most pleasing manner. Her selection was "Bruce of Scotland."

—The regular catechetical instructions were begun on Sunday last by Rev. President Walsh, and profound attention was accorded every word. The opportunity thus afforded to receive a thorough course of Christian Doctrine under so able a teacher is one to be valued, and is deserving highest appreciation.

—St. Teresa's Literary Society, composed of the Graduating and First Senior classes, held its annual election of officers on Tuesday evening. The voting resulted in the appointment of Miss A. Hammond, President; Miss M. Hurff, Vice-President; Miss M. Davis, Secretary; Miss C. Hurley, Treasurer, and Miss C. Dempsey, Librarian.

—Very Rev. Father General presided the academic reunion of Sunday the 22d inst. Miss M. Davis read a poem entitled "Flowers of Devotion," and Miss K. Morse read an essay on "The Qualities a Student Should Cultivate." Very Rev. Father General then offered a few words of golden counsel regarding "good manners," and gave the Minims—his special friends—their "points" for the week.

—On the beautiful Festival of our Blessed Mother's Compassion—the principal feast of the Congregation of Sisters of the Holy Cross—Very Rev. Father General offered the Community Mass. The High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Fitte, who delivered a most instructive sermon on Our Lady's Dolors. The rendition of Millard's Mass by the choir was very fine. At the *Offertory* the *Stabat Mater* carried all hearts to the cross where "stood at the feet of Jesus Mary, His Mother."

—The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, whose members, chosen from the most exemplary of the Catholic pupils, are styled "Children of Mary," was reorganized for the scholastic year on the 20th inst. The election of officers does not take place until December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception; but the following young ladies were appointed officers till that time: President, Miss M. Clifford; Vice-President, M. Healy; Secretary, Miss M. Davis; Treasurer, Miss C. Dempsey; Sacristan, Miss K. McCarthy; Librarian, Miss N. Linneen.

—Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has ever been a special characteristic of St. Mary's and her pupils; hence the strong desire entertained since the erection of the new chapel to have an altar worthy, in a manner, to be consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Thanks to the generosity of an old and esteemed friend of the institution, this desire is about to be gratified; for one of our first graduates, whose love for her *Alma Mater* has but increased in the years since her schooldays, has signified her wish to have an altar erected in honor of the Sacred Heart, and in memory of the late beloved Mother Angela. The kind donor requests that her name be not mentioned—a favor we are loath to grant. Warmest thanks are tendered, and many a prayer will be offered to the Sacred Heart for all blessings on her and on those dear to her.

Work and Fame.

The world of art is now singing the praises of one who has rendered himself famous by his masterpiece, Christ before Pilate. Filled with admiration does the beholder gaze upon this wonderful painting, and laud the hand of genius that produced it. Hundreds have stood before it enraptured; yet how many have associated with its sublimity a thought of the work therein rep-

resented? The artist attained his eminence by patient labor, and the same is to be said of all men to whom public recognition has come. Whether we turn to art, literature, music, oratory, architecture, or any other of the various paths in which are found manifestations of mental power, all have secured fame only after years of unceasing toil.

Experience teaches that it is the nature of genius to labor untiringly; hence some writers have very appropriately defined genius as patience. Again, it has been styled "an infinite capacity for taking pains," from which we cannot fail to recognize that work is a concomitant of fame. Shelly has wisely said: "The Almighty has given men arms long enough to reach the stars, if they would only put them out;" but put them out we must, for fame comes not to listless hands. "Work," says Samuel Smiles, "is one of the best educators of practical character." It is idleness, not labor, that is the curse of men. Idleness eats the heart out of men as of nations, and consumes them as rust does iron.

The maxims of many of our great men of genius prove this statement, and reveal to us the secret of their success. Sir Walter Scott's favorite motto was: "Never be doing nothing." And that of Voltaire was: "Always at work!" So powerful is this element, work, that though a person possess but medium natural talents, he may, in a measure, supply the want of great gifts by concentrating all his energies upon one point, and pursuing it to the end.

The world is generous in acknowledging genius, and as soon as it is recognized, the crown of fame is awarded. However, arduous and persevering toil must be undergone before even a glimmer of success comes in sight; but the laurels conferred are only sweetened by the bitterness that preceded them, and fame remains as an enduring monument to the labor accomplished.

To know what genius has done for the world we need but recall the names of Milton, Shakespeare, Corregio, Raphael, or any other of the great masters. Yet, however great the genius, it cannot dispense with work; and we are even told that the greatest geniuses have been the greatest workers. It is true, a poem may be written in a short time; but how many years of mental culture were required to develop the faculties that produced this work? A flower may open in a single day; but how many weeks of sunshine and rain were needed for its perfection!

Genius, unless accompanied with work, is like a block of marble, hidden within which are all the requisites of a statue, but wanting the one

essential—a developing agent. Genius may be able to produce great things, but must have work—that important factor—to mould and shape it into usefulness. We know this is only too true, for a strange fatality seems to have ever coupled genius with misery when the restraining and guiding influence of persevering toil has been wanting. But from what we have said regarding the necessity of labor, we must not assume that it can ever accomplish the work of genius; for—

"Time, place and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught."

CECILIA F. MORAN (*Class '89*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Bates, Balch, Bernhart, Bogner, Bero, Bovett, Byrnes, M. Clifford, Clarke, Coll, Cunningham, Collbrann, Cooper, Currier, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, N. Davis, Deutsch, E. Dennison, S. Dempsey, D. Davis, Dorsey, Dolan, M. DeMontcourt, I. DeMontcourt, Ernest, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Frost, Green, Ganong, Hammond, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, H. Hanson, Holt, Hess, Hagus, Harmus, A. Hanson, Hellmann, Hale, Hull, Hutchinson, Jungblut, Kasser, Krimbill, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, Linneen, Leahey, Lynch, Leavick, Lewis, Lauth, McFarland, Moore, N. Morse, McCloud, K. Morse, Maher, Mills, M. McPhee, S. McPhee, McCarthy, M. McHugh, Murison, McCune, Mullaney, Miller, Nickel, Nacey, Norris, O'Brien, Otis, Piper, Pyle, Penburthy, Pendleton, Pugsley, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, A. Regan, Rinehart, Rose, Rinn, Robinson, Rentfrow, Reilly, Spears, Stapleton, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltz, N. Schermerhorn, Schaefer, Skancke, Smith, Schrock, M. Schermerhorn, Tormey, Van Mourick, Violette, Woolner, Wickersheim, A. Wurzburg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Burdick, E. Burns, M. Burns, Black, Cooke, M. Clifford, E. Cooper, M. Cooper, Culp, Daly, M. Davis, B. Davis, Dreyer, L. Ernest, Evoy, Farwell, M. Fosdick, G. Fosdick, Hildebrand, Hickey, Henry, L. Kasper, C. Kasper, Levy, Mabbs, McCormack, McGuire, Meskill, Mestling, Northam, O'Brien, O'Mara, Palmer, Patier, Patrick, Pellinz, Philion, Quealy, E. Regan, Reeves, Robbins, M. Scherrer, Shirey, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Soper, Sweeney, Thirds, E. Wagner, M. Wagner, Waldron, N. Wurzburg, Wood, Wright, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Ayer, Crandall, Dennison, M. Egan, Finnerty, Goodwin, M. Hamilton, K. Hamilton, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Scherrer, L. Scherrer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

THERE are no Shadows where there is no Sun;
There is no Beauty where there is no Shade;
And all things in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.
God comes among us through the shrouds of air;
And His dim track is like the silvery wake
Left by yon pinnacle on the mountain lake,
Fading and reappearing here and there.

The lamps and veils thro' heav'n and earth that move,
Go in and out, as jealous of their light,
Like sailing stars upon a misty night.
Death is the shade of coming life; and Love
Yearns for her dear ones in the holy tomb,
Because bright things are better seen in gloom!

—Father Faber.